

By T. Rodenhurst

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HAWKSTONE,

The SEAT of
SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

ONE OF THE
Knights of the Shire for the County
of SALOP.

By T. RODENHURST. *R*

THE THIRD EDITION,
With several ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

Where Nature paints, what beauties fill the mind!
And how the soul expands with joys refin'd!
Reflection seizes, and to man displays
Infinite Wisdom—claiming all our Praise.

PROSPECT, A POEM, BY E. T.

Printed for T. WOOD, Shrewsbury:
And sold by JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington
House, Piccadilly; J. WALTER, Charing-cross;
and G. ROBINSON, Pater-noster-row.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.



T O
Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart.

ONE OF THE
REPRESENTATIVES in PARLIAMENT
for the County of SALOP,

THE FOLLOWING
Description of Hawkstone,

I S
Most respectfully dedicated,

B Y
HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

A N D
MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE Reception which the First Edition of this Work met with by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Hawkstone, where only it was sold, and which the Writer is sensible, was more on account of the respect they have for the Place, and the worthy Owner, than for the merit of the Description, has occasioned a Second and Third Edition to appear, in which the reader will find considerable alterations and additions, and for which the Author acknow-

ledges himself indebted to several respectable gentlemen of learning and taste.

To enter upon a minute Description of the romantic scenes, amazing varieties, and natural as well as artificial beauties of Hawkstone-Park, requires far superior abilities than the Writer hereof pretends to be possessed of: however, he flatters himself the following pages will be found entertaining to the generality of readers, particularly to those whose curiosity may induce them to visit the beautiful and astonishing scenes of which they treat.

MAY 1, 1786.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HAWKSTONE, &c.

HAWKSTONE, is a spacious and noble Mansion-House, long the residence of the ancient family of the HILLS; and now belonging to Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart. one of the worthy Representatives in Parliament for the County of Salop. The elegance of the structure is exceeded by few; the hospitality of the Owner by none.

THE HOUSE

Is situated on the North side of a hill, not far out of the road between Shrewsbury & Whitchurch.

THE WEST PORTICO,

Is allowed to be a capital piece of Architecture. The pillars are large and lofty, of the composite order, and strike the mind with a pleasing idea of elegance and strength united.

In the inside of the House, the Saloon, Chapel and Library,* are particularly

* The two latter, viz, the Chapel and Library, are in the North Wing; which is separated from the body of the House by a Colonnade.
In

particularly worthy of observation ;
 but as the beauties of Nature are
 preferable to those of Art, and as
 few

In the ceiling of the former is a very masterly painting of Truth appealing to Time for bringing her to light, and Falsehood flying away affrighted. The piece was designed as emblematical of the Reformation. The Saloon is a very lofty, spacious, and well-proportioned room ; it is fitted up in a costly manner, and adorned with some choice paintings ; among which is the Siege of Namur. The five principal characters in this piece, were all taken from life. These are King William ; the Elector of Bavaria ; the Duke of Marlborough ; Count Cohorn, and the Right Honourable Richard Hill, (uncle to the late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. and great uncle to the present Sir Richard,) who was at that time Paymaster of the Army, and Envoy at the Court of Turin.

The Writer could not procure any certain account by whom the House was originally built.
 The

few people have leisure to see more than the Park, which alone would engage the attention of persons of taste.

The late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. father of Sir Richard, added both the wings, and made other very considerable additions to it; but it was certainly the Family Mansion at the time of Sir Rowland Hill, Knight, who was Lord Mayor of London, A. D. 1549, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, of which extraordinary and truly excellent person, an Historian, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives the following character:

“ This Maior, Sir Rowland Hill, was a grave
 “ and worthy Father of the Citie, and long be-
 “ fore his death he gave over his occupying
 “ in trade, and gave himself wholly to pur-
 “ chasing lands, having never a child in the
 “ world. The greatest part of his lands lay in
 “ Shropshire, where he bore great rule, and
 “ where also, as I have heard by credible report,
 “ he did many good dedes, namely, that he
 “ raised no rents, nor took any fines of his re-
 “ nants;

taste for a whole day, or indeed for two or three days, the walks being very

“ nants; he suffered the child to enjoy the father’s
 “ farm before all other; he was a friend to the
 “ widow and fatherless; he erected a Grammar
 “ Schoole to the profyte of the country; he re-
 “ paired many highways and bridges; and
 “ wheresoever a good dede was to be done for
 “ the common weal of his countrymen, he was
 “ ready to further the cause. He gave yerely
 “ to the poore people of the country three hun-
 “ dred shirtes and smockes, and as many frockes
 “ and coates of fryse, to cover them withal. And
 “ in the citie of London he gave five hundred
 “ pounds to St. Bartholemew’s Hospital, and to-
 “ wards the building of certain new tenements in
 “ St. Nicholas’ Shambles, for the relief of the
 “ poore. He also gave great relief to all the Hos-
 “ pitals. And at his death, he gave CL. to the
 “ poore of all the wards in London.”

To the foregoing account, the following one from *Kimber’s New Baronetage*, may not be unacceptable :

“ He

very extensive †, and fresh beauties continually presenting themselves to view, I shall confine myself chiefly to those pleasingly wild and romantic scenes which in all places would justly come under the denomination of *the sublime*, but are here doubly striking on account of their being in the midst of a fine, fruitful, champain country, bounded all round by different ranges of distant hills, so that on a clear day

“ He (Sir Rowland Hill) did great acts of
 “ generosity, was an eminent benefactor to the
 “ public; founded Drayton and other Free
 “ Schools; built Stoke and Hodnet Churches,
 “ Atcham and Terne Bridges, at his own ex-
 “ pence.”

† Upwards of ten miles in length.

you

you may see no less than twelve counties with the naked eye*.

Leaving the House, you proceed by an easy ascent through the side of a wilderness of lofty trees, chiefly Beeches, till you arrive at the

SUMMER HOUSE,

Which is an handsome building of free-stone in the Octagon form. The inside is elegantly painted in fresco, with a representation of the four Seasons, &c. &c. From the windows and the terrace that sur-

* These are, Shropshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Flintshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire, and Radnorshire.

rounds it, you have a pleasing near prospect of a grand piece of water, and some verdant meadows; and a distant one of Broxton Hills, and Delamere Forest in Cheshire. A new Farm House built intirely in the Gothic style, and representing an Abbey or Priory, among some scattered trees by the water side, greatly diversifies and enlivens the scene.

Under the Summer House is a large and spacious Cold Bath, fed by a crystal spring which issues from the side of a bank at a few yards distance.

From the Summer House you are conducted by a pleasant walk
inter-

interpersed with trees on the side of the hill to the

G U L P H,

So called, being a deep valley which terminates between two hills, and separates the Grotto-rock from the other hill. Coming immediately out of a beautiful lawn, and having no suspicion of the sudden manner in which nature changes her visage, this place appears truly romantic, and the valley on your left, perhaps, not inferior to Tempe, a fair field in Thessaly, so much celebrated by the antient poets :

“ The Graces there delighted oft to rove,
“ In blithsome concert, innocence, and love.”

You

You then proceed along a rising walk on the top of the rock, delightfully variegated on each side with shrubs and trees till you come to the solemn entrance into the

G R O T T O,

Which is a vast subterraneous cave, supported by rugged pillars hewn in the solid rock, at a great expence; in the midst of which is a spacious Cove, curiously beset with costly shells, selected from the remotest regions of the sea, and inlaid with petrefactions and fossils, from the deepest recesses of the earth. You view with amazement the different dwellings of the briny inhabitants; some burnished with
gloss

gloss of the deepest hue, others rugged with points, and crusted by nature: some nicely turned and speckled with varnish, and some shining as gems, or sparkling like diamonds. These being joined with coral, tinged with ore, spangled with minerals, and receiving light through some exquisitely fine painted glass,* form one of the most beautiful Saloons that imagination can conceive, or fancy describe; the whole being executed with a masterly boldness, perfectly characteristic with the scenes around you, without any thing of that diminutive or formal decoration and *petitesse*,

* Particularly a Philosopher at his Studies,
by Mrs. PEIRSON.

B

by

by which Grottos are usually rendered more like artificial *baby-houses*, than grand natural and romantic caverns.

A noble Lord in the neighbourhood of HAWKSTONE, having made a present to Sir RICHARD HILL of a very fine wax figure, representing an ancestor of that Lord, Sir RICHARD has placed it in a recess in the Grotto, but it is quite concealed from view when you enter in ; however, when you have looked about you a short while, this venerable Effigy gradually rises up before you, and turning about his head to look at the company, holds in his hands
the

the following inscription for their
perusal:

Let those surround the throne of Kings,
Who court the pomp that grandeur brings;
Tho' sprung from Needham's noble race,
'Tis here I fix my dwelling place;
Contentment be my happy lot,
My lov'd abode this peaceful Grott.

Passing through a colonade of
rude pillars, tinged with copper,
with which those rocks abound,
you leave this labyrinth of won-
ders through a door on the West,
where you command a most noble
view of an

AWFUL PRECIPICE.

Here the towering oak is lost be-
neath the rugged rocks bulging
with terror!—Next you admire,

B 2

with

with astonishment, the huge pending craggs, still more highly colour'd with copper, or hoary with age; and whilst the wide chasms between the rocks, strike you with dread, you often hear the Ravens which build upon them, croaking over your head*. The green lawn, the fertile distant prospect, the wood and water which you look down upon below, contrast the view, and add life to the scene.

You are then conducted to a delightful retired spot in the midst of the Thick Wood, where you

* There is an high point on the Grotto rock, called the *Raven's Shelf*, because time immemorial the Ravens have annually made a nest there.

may

may repose yourself on a rustic sofa, made of various sorts of curious moss. Then turning under the Grotto Hill, by a pleasant walk, with something new every step, you encircle this immense mass or island of freestone rock, and turning your eyes upwards, you behold most enormous shelves of green copper hanging over you, particularly near a place cut through the rock, with two seats opposite each other, called the *Vis à Vis*.

This grand Hill then stretches itself out towards the South-West; but before you advance, it will be proper to stand still and view these stately rocks, which look more like

the ruins of Palmyra or Persepolis, than the lofty turrets of Nature, heaped one upon another like so many demolished castles tumbled into ruin.

Some of the first Nobility, both of this and of other nations, have visited these scenes; and that noble Corsican General Paschal Paoli declared, that in all his travels, he had seen nothing which afforded him so much delight*.

Entirely taking leave of the

* What this distinguished Foreigner appeared to be most struck with, was a view under the Grotto Hill, where the Red Castle Rock breaks in upon you, which place is now distinguished by the name of *Paoli's Point*.

Grotto

Grotto Hill, you proceed by the side of some fine stately Oaks, and some rugged cliffs (the most remarkable of which, called the *Ship's Beak*, seems as if it had once been separated from the main rock by some violent convulsion of Nature) till you arrive at a natural Cave, called

THE RETREAT,

The top of which hangs in small rocky clouds over your head, and has in it some veins resembling mortar, of a brackish taste.

In this cave are seen the following beautiful lines, penned by the present Owner of the place,

B 4

while

while he was contemplating these scenes :

“ Whilst all thy glories, O my God,
Through the creation shine,
Whilst rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the hand Divine,

Oh ! may I view with humble heart,
The wonders of thy power,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.

But whilst I taste thy blessings, LORD,
And sip the streams below,
O may my soul be led to thee,
From whom all blessings flow !

And if such footsteps of thy love,
Through this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works,
Throughout the world of grace.

Just as before yon' noontide sun
The brightest stars are small,
So earthly comforts are but snares,
'Till grace has crown'd them all.”

Quitting

Quitting the Retreat, and passing by the *Canopy* and *Indian Rock*, which are both deeply tinged with variegated copper, your eyes are feasted with fresh beauties of the solemn and romantic kind, till you come to a well-designed little Cottage, which is an Hermit's summer residence.—You pull a bell, and gain admittance.

THE HERMIT,

Is generally in a sitting posture, with a table before him, on which is a skull, the emblem of mortality, an hour-glass, a book, and a pair of spectacles. The venerable bare-footed Father, whose name is Francis, (if awake) always rises
up.

up at the approach of strangers. He seems about ninety years of age, yet has all his senses to admiration. He is tolerably conversant, and far from being unpolite, and, if requested, will repeat the following lines, which are fixed up in the inside of his habitation :

“ Far from the busy scenes of life,
Far from the world, it's cares and strife,
In solitude more pleas'd to dwell,
The Hermit bids you to his cell ;
Warns you Sin's gilded baits to fly,
And calls you to prepare to die.”

Leaving this solitary Sire, you pass to

THE FOX'S KNOB,
So named, because a Fox is said
to have jumped from the top of it
to

to the deep valley beneath, when unkennelled there by a pack of fox-hounds. It is of a pyramidical form, finely mantled with trees and ivy. Whether it was at first raised by an earthquake, or whether the ground was swept away from it by the raging billows of the great deluge, and this rock left as a standing monument of its devastations, may afford matter of speculation to the curious; suffice it to say, that it now exhibits a most astonishing appearance.

Your guide will then conduct you to a subterraneous passage, called by some, CALCUTTA, by others,

St.

St. FRANCIS's CAVE,

Into which you enter under the curiously twisted root of a most venerable Yew-tree. After having groped for some yards in total darkness, you are suddenly transported into the chearful light of day; and which ever way you turn yourself, the most enchanting prospect, intermixed with woods, hills, lawn, and water, and enlivened with the busy scenes of Agriculture, meets your view.

From thence turning a little to the left, you gradually ascend the summit of

THE

THE TERRACE.

Where you are invited by the pleasantness of the walk, having a fine green turf under your feet, and on each side all sorts of forest trees, the foliage of which reaches down to the ground, with openings at proper spaces, through which distant prospects burst in upon your view, whilst hundreds of the little feathered tribe charm your ears with their wild melodious notes.

Along the top of this cultivated Alps, you continue rising by a very easy ascent, till you come to

THE

THE TOWER,

A large handsome building in the Gothic style, situate on the highest part of the Terrace, which forms a fine prospect to all the country several miles round.

The Hill here turns round to the East, where

THE VINEYARD,

Which is laid out in the manner of a fortification, with turrets, walls, and bastions, and executed at a very great expence, attracts your attention. Though the situation of this place was peculiarly adapted to the use that was made of it, being well screened

screened by woods and rocks behind and on each side, and open only to the south sun, and though every method was tried to make the attempt succeed, yet the grapes never came to maturity. And as they would not ripen on this spot, and with every attention which the gardener's art could pay, there is reason to conclude that no vineyard in this climate will ever be brought to any greater degree of perfection.

From the Tower just mentioned, your eye traverses a vast space of country. You see the town of Shrewsbury, and many of the Cambrian Hills, with their pointed
beaks

peaks propping the clouds. You behold that celebrated Hill *Gaer Caradoc*, or Caradoc's Castle, famous in History for a bulwark of stone, where Caractacus the Briton bravely defended himself against the Roman General. You see that magnificent Salopian mountain the Wrekin; also the Brythen, Moely-Golva, and Caverokesken hills, on the former of which the pillar lately erected in honor of Lord Rodney, presents itself to your view.

About a mile from the Tower, you are struck with a beautiful and romantic hanging wood, called

BURY

BURY WALLS,

Where are the remains of a grand Roman Camp, and perhaps the most perfect one in the kingdom. It encompasses about twenty acres of ground, secured by an inaccessible rock on all sides but one, which is strongly defended by a triple intrenchment, and must have been a work of immense labor*.

You then leave these heights, and wind down a solemnly beautiful walk, closed up with trees and

* Upon the top of Hopley, a neighbouring hill belonging to Andrew Corbet, Esq; and which presents itself to your view from various parts of the Park, are some vestiges of another encampment, supposed also to have been Roman.

C

rocks

rocks on each side, till you arrive
at

THE TOWER GLEN,

Which is a sort of steep dingle,
into which you descend by a narrow
walk, and many rude steps; having
under your feet a most beautiful
turf, and on each side of you a
range of the most grotesque rocks
and caverns, interspersed with un-
derwood, and large venerable oaks,
elms, &c.

Towards the bottom of this Glen
or Dingle, you come to a seat just
before you cross the Grand Valley,
from which seat you are suddenly
and at once struck with every
charming

charming feature of lawn, hills, wood and water, which Nature has it in her power to disclose, particularly a long range of broken rocks richly mantled with trees, and here and there standing out like castles, form a picture beyond the reach of all description.

But before you quit the Tower Glen it will be necessary to call back your attention to a very extraordinary cave in the rock, which is lately made accessible by means of some steps, through a narrow wild walk which leads to it, and which is remarkable for having been the hiding-place of an ancestor of the

Hill family, who met with great hardships from the parliament forces in the reign of King Charles the First. In memory of this gentleman, and of his sufferings for the cause in which he engaged, Sir Richard Hill has lately caused an handsome Urn to be placed near the cave before-mentioned, with the following inscription on the base of it :

Anno 1784,

This Urn

Was placed here by Sir Richard Hill, Bart.

(Eldest Son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.)

One of the Knights of this Shire,

As a token of affection to the memory of his
much-respected Ancestor

ROWLAND HILL, of HAWKSTONE, ESQUIRE;

A gentleman remarkable for his great wisdom,
piety, and charity : who being a zealous Royalist

alist, hid himself in this glen in the civil wars,
in the time of

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

But being discovered, was imprisoned in the adjacent castle, commonly called Red Castle, whilst his house was pillaged and ransacked by the rebels. The castle itself was soon afterwards demolished.

His son Rowland Hill, Esq. coming to his assistance, also suffered much in the same loyal cause.

The above account taken from Kimber's Baronetage, as also from the traditions of the family, holds forth to posterity the attachment of this antient House to an unfortunate and much-injured Sovereign.

Passing over the Top of the Valley, you arrive at

THE ELYSIAN HILL,

On the South side of which is the MENAGERIE, where Nature is aid-

ed by Art, without seeming to be her debtor.

Here are kept a choice collection of Beasts and Birds, both foreign and domestic, among which is a remarkably large Eagle, also a Mackaw, and various sorts of Parrots, with some different species of Monkeys, all of which will gladly search your pockets for gingerbread, nuts, almonds, &c. and be as familiar with you as you please.

At the upper end is a little characteristic dwelling, fitted up with stuffed Birds so nicely resembling Nature,

Nature, that you can hardly distinguish them from living ones.

This rural habitation is occupied by a Man and his Wife, who may well be called the Adam and Eve of this delightful Eden. Adam is busily employed in cleaning his ground, whilst Eve bestirs herself about her domestic affairs, and feeds her Poultry, which flock round her in great numbers, on the ringing of a Bell.

Here Art and Nature are in Truth combin'd,
To please the Eye, and captivate the Mind.

You then reluctantly leave this most delightful spot, and turn to the right through a narrow shady

C 4

Path,

Path, where stately Larches, Beeches, &c. feather down to the ground with peculiar beauty.

You have scarce proceeded an hundred yards, before you are struck with the appearance of

THE GREEN-HOUSE,

Which is built in the Gothic Taste, with rough unhewn stone, and is perfectly in unison with the majestic scenery all round it.

Here again Nature displays all her charms, and the sublime and beautiful ardently vie with each other, which shall most attract the attention of the beholder.

The

The contrast between the Green Lawn before you, bespread with Orange Trees, Myrtles, and Geraniums, with a Flock of Sheep peaceably feeding in a verdant pasture, and the stupendous Rocks dignified with lofty Forest Trees behind and on each side of you, with a most delightful Piece of Water flowing at the foot of the Lawn in form of a wide River, and losing both its ends in two different Woods, exhibits at one view a Landscape at the same time so majestic, and yet so delicately softened, that it would require the united efforts of Salvator Rosa, Claude, and

and Poufin, to do it the smallest degree of justice.

Leaving the Green-House, you wind round the South-East End of the Elysian Hill, and as you mount up, new beauties still surprize you. In some places all is thick and solemn, and you find various rude and whimsical seats to rest on, by the side of mossy banks or rocky caverns. In other places, just as you emerge out of the wood, the near and distant prospects both break in upon you at once, and the precipices you have lately trodden, put on new appearances as
you

you face them, and according to the different directions you view them in.

After having reposed yourself a sufficient time on a large Alcove Seat made of knots of Oak, you will be prepared to finish your walk over the Elysian Hill, especially as you will be on the descent all the way.

You are now to cross another part of the enchanting Valley beneath, till you arrive at

THE RED CASTLE HILL,

So called from the colour of the Rock, and of the Stone with which the Castle itself is built.

Having

Having ascended this lofty and delightfully romantic Hill, you enter the Edifice thro' a strong Door or Gate-way, which in time of war must have been very difficult of access.

This venerable Fortrefs, long the feat of warriors, and remarkable for its strength, and the prodigious thickness of its walls, is now an heap of ruins, and inhabited only by birds of prey; whilst its martial sons are all buried in one promiscuous oblivion, and nothing left to perpetuate their memory but these broken fragments, as vestiges to teach posterity that
the

the ravages of war and the finishing hand of time level the strongest castles and the most beautiful fabrics with the ground.

There have been several accounts of this very extraordinary place; the generally received notion, prevalent among all the country people in that neighbourhood, that it was formerly the habitation of two huge Giants named Tarquin and Tarquinius, however absurd and ridiculous in itself, is as perfectly correspondent with the style of the place, as the idea of fairies dancing on daisy tops on the verdant plains.

DUGDALE tells us that this
Castle

Castle was erected in the Reign of Henry the Third ; but there is an ancient manuscript in the Audley family, which proves that its original existence was of much earlier date. It is there said that “ Maud
 “ or Matilda, Wife of William
 “ the Conqueror, gave to John de
 “ Audley, and to his Heirs, the
 “ lands about Red Castle in the
 “ county of Salop, for certain ser-
 “ vices done by him to the state.”

Just over the entrance, on the side of a decayed piece of wall of an astonishing thickness, the following lines meet your eye :

See

See this vast antique Pile, how reverend grey
 In hoary age its walls and mould'ring towers!
 With tufted moss and ivy rudely hung,
 From whose high turrets, now by years decay'd,
 We trace the dire remains of bloody war.
 These lonesome walks of thick uncouthest shade,
 By length of centuries past, by turns have clos'd
 A race of warriors here entomb'd.

All description must fall infinitely short of the works of Nature and of Antiquity which present themselves to view in circling this hill, which is covered on every side with large trees and thick wood, out of which pieces of broken walls and high turrets rise in different places, and strike the mind with a majestic solemnity, whilst the distant view, wherever it breaks in upon you, is enlivened with every

every beauty which a fine fruitful country bounded by variety of hills of different shapes and sizes, can afford.

Among the solemn scenes exhibited on the Red Castle Hill, is that dreadful profound abyss, commonly called

THE GIANT'S WELL,

The circular walls of which, above the rock which forms the lower part, are of an immense thickness, and are best seen by looking in at a door on the side ; but whether it ever was a well at all, or whether upon failure of water it was made
use

use of as a tower of defence, is not certain,

By the side of this well or tower a Coffin almost entire was found a few years since, which, on being exposed to the air, mouldered into dust, and discovered several human bones, with the iron beard of an arrow, by means of which it is supposed that the person buried there received his mortal wound.

Near this place is an immense cut through the solid rock, at the end of which you are surprized by

A STATELY LION,

Which being confined within his
D Den,

Den, you may approach with the greatest safety. It is no less true than extraordinary, that tho' these beasts are in general the production of Africa, yet the present one was actually brought forth among the mountains where he now dwells; and though his kingly looks strike terror into the beholder, yet he is so tame and docile, that the most timid may without danger take him by the tooth, and play with him as with a Spaniel.

Having traversed the Red Castle Hill, you pass by the Lodge to Weston, a pretty little village, with a very good Inn (called Hawkstone Inn),

Inn*), genteelly fitted up for the reception of company who resort thither to see the Park.—There you may refresh yourself after your walk, and ruminate on the scenes you have with so much delight been viewing: and if you choose to rest yourself all night, the next day you will have ample time to see the Roman Camp or Bury Walls, which place is not above a mile distant from the Inn.

O may the HILLS for ever live,
 Around this pleasant Shore,
 Till Rocks shall crumble into Dust,
 And Time shall be no more.

* The sign of the Castle, which is the crest of the Hill family.

D 2

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE the First Edition of this Description was published, many very great improvements have been begun upon, and are already far advanced; particularly a most magnificent and beautiful Piece of Water in the form of a wide navigable River, which is to be about two Miles in length, and near one hundred Yards in breadth, one end of which will lose itself in a thick wood near the Lodge, on the road going to Prees and Whitchurch, and the other end will meet all the grand scenery in the Park, concealing its termination behind the
Red

Red Castle Hill, in the middle of a fine fertile Valley. In sailing along this water, which will be a boundary to the North and West sides of the Park, (as the Menagerie Water is to the South-East), all the enchanting and romantic scenes before described will open upon you as you advance, putting on different appearances according to the situation from which you view them.

Prodigious as this undertaking is, yet as Sir RICHARD HILL keeps a vast number of men constantly employed, (by which means all the industrious poor in the neighbourhood

bourhood are furnished with bread,) there is great reason to believe that in the space of about three years this immense piece of water will be intirely completed, one half of it being already finished and filled.



F I N I S.

